

# Throwing Bricks at Trains

## Future of the Left

Slight  
Bowel movements  
Preceded  
The bloodless coup  
Though no-one  
Must know it  
I am at fault

I introduced  
Reginald J. Trotsfield  
To his lieutenant  
The fearsome Brown

On Friday nights they gather on the bridges  
With no intention of coming down  
Above the tracks (Above the tracks)  
Above the tracks (Above the tracks)  
There is no mercy  
There is no fear  
Above the tracks (Above the tracks)  
Above the tracks (Above the tracks)  
There is no mercy  
There is no fear  
There is no fear

Still  
The train will  
Invariably  
Come to a halt  
The Wild West  
Would eat it  
We let it rot

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To his lieutenant  
The fearsome Brown

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With no intention of coming down

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There is no mercy  
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There is no fear

Reginald, I, I cannot love you  
I cannot love a man who cannot learn to love himself  
The bricks, they are just sad reminders of former  
Glories  
Though they are barely more than stories  
They wandered through our homes at night

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Glories  
Though they are barely more than stories  
They wandered through our homes in the dead of night

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